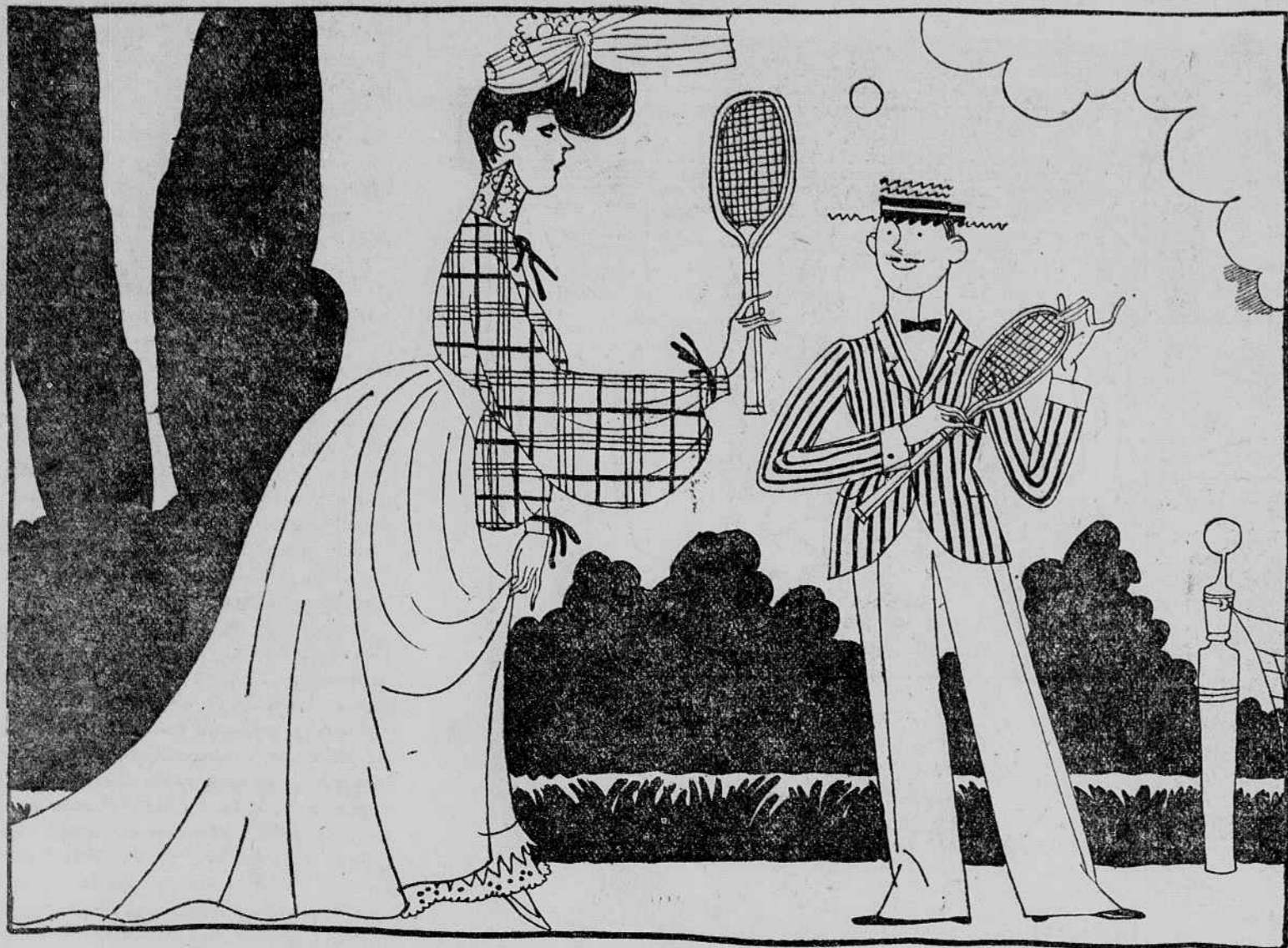


TENNIS HAS A FEMINIST MOVEMENT OF ITS OWN

Drawn and Censored by Ralph Barton



Tennis in the '90s, when the refined woman player raised her skirt daintily, thus



The woman tennis fiend of to-day. Anticipating another twenty years is impossible—without blushing

IF THERE is any one thing that is worrying the makers of high-speed cameras it is lawn tennis as played by women. Shutters that have plenty of margin in getting instantaneous photographs of express trains, airplanes, racehorses, baseball players in action, humming birds and bucking broncos just manage to squeeze by without a blur in

recording the activities of women stars at tennis.

All this speed on the courts has come within the last thirty years. The tennis playing woman of the '90s, when there was more material in a tennis skirt than is now required for an entire costume, was never surprised by the camera in an ungraceful attitude. At that

time tennis was played by croquet graduates—at about the same speed. It was necessary to clutch the long skirt with one hand while playing—partly to keep said skirt off the ground and also to prevent any undue and unbecoming swirling that might carry it more than a foot high.

Photographing the woman who played tennis in that era was a matter of ease. It could

almost be done with a view camera, by the process of removing the cap from the lens. But the speed demon took possession of the tennis courts. Skirts were shortened and strides were lengthened. Alarmed camera men began calling for high speed lenses and shutters and to demand a faster emulsion for plates. Then came Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen with her challenge to makers of cameras. It

is estimated that if Mlle. Lenglen improves her game a matter of one-fifth of 1 per cent her case is won, and no instantaneous photograph of her will be possible. If a newcomer appears who outdoes Miss Suzanne in the matter of speed the rapid sound of pistol shots in the offing will tell that the specialists in instantaneous photography are committing suicide.

Likewise it should be noted that the male of the tennis species is playing a game that would daze the youth in the straw hat, high collar, blazer and wide trousers who helped decorate the courts in the middle era of lawn tennis. Baseball may not be any faster than it was thirty years ago, but tennis—just ask the camera man.

TAKING A CENSUS OF DESSERTS

By BERNARD SOBEL
Illustrations by Jefferson Machamer



All nations have distinctive desserts but the French. Their pastry belongs to all

"WHAT is the choicest dessert on this menu?" I asked a waitress in a famous hotel.

"I don't know anything about desserts," she said, indifferently. "If you want an answer to that question you will have to ask the chef."

"All right," I said impulsively. "That's just exactly what I will do."

Up to that moment I had never given anything more than passing attention to desserts, and I did not then surmise that I was about to launch myself into a long and interesting series of discoveries concerning a subject of international importance.

"May I see the chef?" I asked, the hotel manager.

"It's against the rules," he said, "but I will see what I can do."

After a few moments he directed me to another dignitary, the manager of restaurants, who, after some private conferences, finally led me to the pastry chef.

This last individual gave me an inhospitable greeting and murmured something about being too busy to talk. But fortunately I detected a French accent in his speech, and so replied in French. This move had the desired effect. He called magnificently for his cohorts, aids, sponsors and attachés, and then before I knew what was happening he mobilized this army, directly and by proxy, and began to collect cakes, plates, cream, butter, knives, spoons, sugar, nuts, macaroons and a banana.

Then he silently assumed active control, placed the banana on a layer of cake and cut out a portion the exact shape of the fruit. Then he sliced the banana, crosswise, taking care that it held together intact. This operation concluded, he placed it between the two layers of cake and covered the whole concoction

with a rich dressing of cream and grated nuts.

All this was then surrounded by coils of whipped cream and covered with the crumbs of macaroons.

"C'est fini," he announced grandly and then turned around and said confidentially: "There's a history about this dish. When I was a boy I served my apprenticeship in a famous London hotel. To this place there came a wealthy man who owned a banana plantation.

"Make me a dessert," he said, "which will make the banana popular and I will make you a handsome gift."

"Bien! I made that dessert. It was very popular. But he never made me the gift."

The chef gave a low whistle, which was followed by the appearance of an attendant in conventional white, who presented me with a tray, spoon, fork and napkin. "I have made the dessert for you," said the chef. I hope you enjoy it."

Just as the history of a word may often be traced through its philological root, so may the

history of a nation be traced by a study of its desserts. Particularly is this true of Rumania and the Balkan states. Rumania has often been under the dominion of other countries. The desserts which Rumania eats are those of her former conquerors, especially of Turkey, whose interesting and rich desserts have affected the diet of all the Balkan states.

Balkan delicacies, like those of many other foreign lands, are frequently very substantial—almost an entire meal in themselves. One of these is made of sweet potatoes, boiled with a meat bone in honey. Another is made of butter dough, prune jelly, cinnamon, sugar and raisins.

Phylava is a favorite Rumanian-Turkish dish. It is made of honey, rice and raisins. The rice is boiled in water with honey and cinnamon; then it is browned in the oven and served. Strudel is the class name for a dessert common to the Balkan states, Russia, Austria and Hungary. It is made of many layers of flaky, paper-thin dough and is filled with nuts, raisins, fruits, jellies or candy pastes. Apple strudel is very popular in many New York restaurants.

Charlotte is the class name for a somewhat similar dessert. The dough in this case, however, is cut out in the form of wide noodles and the completed food resembles a pudding.

The Lithuanians, living as they do in a northern climate, have vigorous appetites and they take great delight in eating a dessert that consists of prunes, carrots and potatoes.

After searching about I soon discovered that I am not the only person who likes two desserts at a time. In some of the table d'hôtes, where dessert and coffee are offered for the final courses, the patrons relinquish the coffee and take an additional dessert instead. It is the cafeteria, though, which is the ideal haven for enthusiasts for sweets. Here, spread out in the most spectacular array and usually taking happy prece-

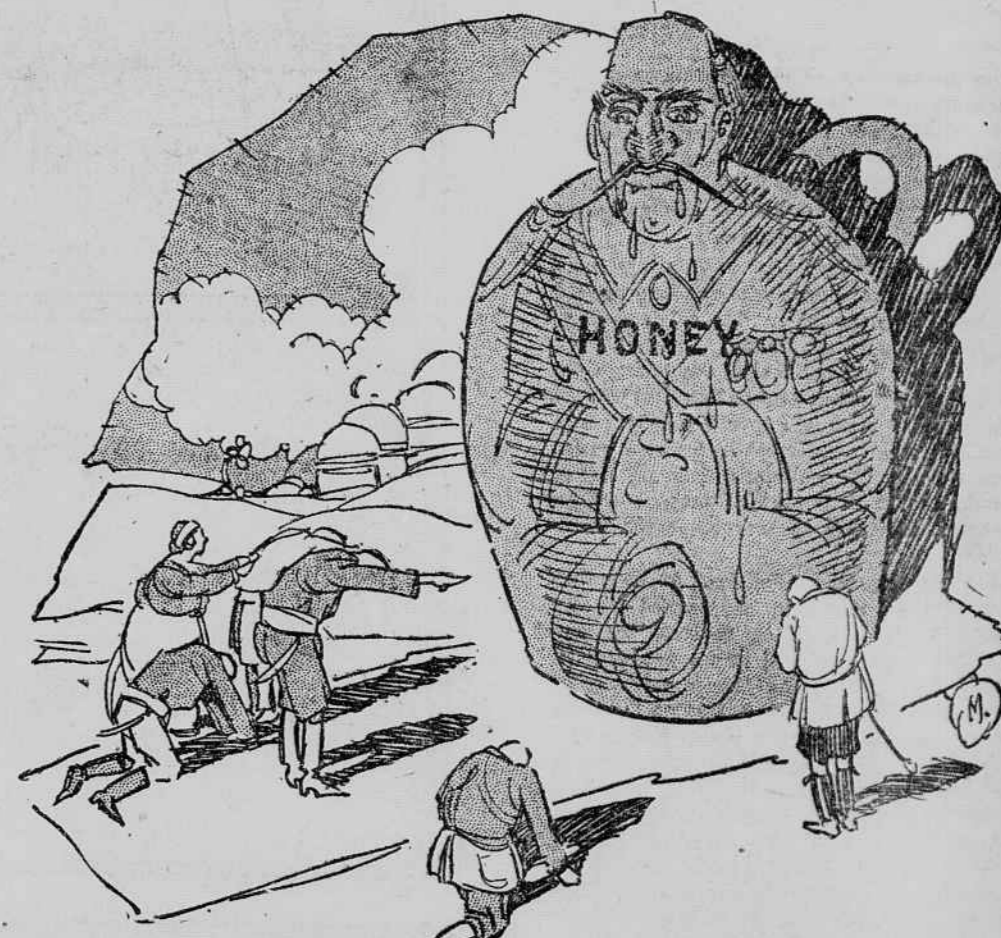
dence before the other courses, are all kinds of desserts, hot and cold, inexpensive and nourishing, and tempting to the eye.

Nomenclature has a great deal to do with the mystery of desserts, especially in the representative restaurants. The desserts of the Swiss restaurants have been influenced largely by former geographical conditions.

"Aside from fruits, nuts and chocolates," said the proprietor of a chalet restaurant, "we have no national desserts that are really our own. We do have, however, the best desserts in the world, as we borrow delicacies from all the surrounding countries, including France, Germany, Italy and even England. Some of our pastries we call by the names of the cities from which they come—Parisienne, Milanderie and Berliner Finekuchen. The various districts of Switzerland are dependent on tourists for their support and thus we must serve them with their native desserts."

Not every one was so willing to give information about his national foods. I found the Greeks particularly suspicious—so suspicious, in fact, that I felt certain that they actually had something to conceal. In one Greek restaurant the proprietor positively refused to talk, and in another he called his wife, whom I had previously overheard speaking perfectly clear English, but who, in conferring with me, pretended to be able to reply only in sullen monosyllables.

These experiences did not give me much confidence in their desserts, yet I tried them courageously and I found them delicious, though very rich. There are two especially popular. Backlova is cut in diamond-shaped portions and is made up of layers and layers of thin dough, baked crisp and brown. It is filled with a dressing that contains nuts and raisins and that closely resembles a very rich mincemeat. Cadayev looks like shredded wheat biscuits in the shape



The Balkan States get their honeyed desserts from their former enemy, Turkey

of country sausages. The shredded portion is crisp and moist and holds an excellent dressing of nuts and raisins.

The Armenians, in contrast to the Greeks, were very ready about giving information. When I walked into one of their clean little restaurants the proprietor and the waiter both walked up to give me attention, and they were so anxious to please that they brought in the dessert first—a long time ahead of the rest of the meal. Their chief dessert, by the way, is one of the most unusual I encountered. It is called mazon and is made principally of boiled milk, which stands until it has a strangely fermented taste.

Many French, Italian and Spanish delicacies now form a regular part of American menus, and Danish pastry, likewise, may be found listed with pie à la mode, éclairs, strawberry shortcake and the omnipresent ice cream. Two English tea shops, favorite places for many of the celebrities of the theatrical, art and literary worlds, take the record for delicious desserts. Thirty-seven of them were counted

ed on one restaurant menu the other day.

A popular semi-dessert at the Spanish coffee houses is Brazilian cinnamon toast, which appears to be a combination of our own cinnamon toast and French toast. The Spaniards and Mexicans are very fond of guava jelly, and eat it with bananas and cheese. Cheese, by the way, is so popular with Continental peoples that it is frequently served in place of pastry.

"All the nations have their distinctive desserts," said a French cook sadly, "but we have none. Our pastry belongs to the world. We, however, make a type of dessert called the 'bombe,' which is a separate science in itself. Bombes are of all shapes, sizes and names, and are a combination of ice creams, sherbets, creams and dressings. Though there are bombes of all sorts, a good chef must know instantly the contents of each particular one at a minute's notice. Since prohibition has flourished the bombe has suffered seriously."

If prosperity, in fact, is to be reckoned by indulgence in desserts, we are a very prosperous people. Here desserts are regarded not as luxuries but as necessities. We must have them, and we do have them, and their price must be made to conform to our means. If we can't pay 85 cents for a dessert in one restaurant we go to a cafeteria and buy the dessert for the same price, and a whole meal besides.

There are many localities in Europe, it is said, where the natives are compelled to live on a single article of diet. Let these same natives once forsake their homes and come here and they soon begin eating desserts with a vim, willingly giving up soups and meat courses for chocolate éclairs and pie à la mode.

So much for the irresistible appeal of the dessert, which flourishes in New York in the matter of variety as nowhere else.